THE LITTLE FELLOW WITH THE GIANT'S HEART

12 foot Davis. by R. Gard,

Did you know that there was once a giant in Alberta? I don't mean a fabulous big giant like Goliath of Gath or Paul Bunyan or even the famous Willow Bunch Giant who was eight and a half feet tall and lived in Saskatchewan.. No,, I mean another kind of giant--a giant of generousity and kindness: a quiet little fellow who liked everybody and got along fine with everybody.. I mean that the giant part of him was his heart..

Of course,, a lot of people who don't know,, think that he was a real honest-to-goodness big giant because of his name.. Wouldn't you think so too if you heard his name for the first time? His name was Twelve-Foot Davis..

You're probably wondering right now how a little fellow ever got a name like that. It's an interesting story. You see,, Davis wasn't always called Twelve-Foot. He was born in the state of Vermont in the year 1820 and as he grew up he attained a great reputation in New England.. He got the reputation of being the best punkin pie maker in the whole country! Some reputation,, since New Englanders are famous for making and eating punkin pie..

But Davis wasn't content with just being a pie maker.. He wanted to travel and see things,, so in 1849 he joined the big gold rush to California.. Maybe he thought he'd get rich and have a lot of money to give away.. for already he was making another and a different kind of reputation for himself.. He was becoming known as ~~the most~~ generous and kindly man, ~~in~~

Insert

It makes Twelve-Foot all the more womderful a character when we know that he had the handicap of being able to neither read nor write. To make up for this handicap he develpped a marvelpus memory. He was able to keep all his accounts in his head, and so far as is known, he never made an error. They didn't have real money in those days either. The beaver skin was the only money anybody used.

Among the Indians of the North Twelve-Foot was known far and wide for his honesty, and though he was not a large man, his courage and tirelessness on the trail was so notable that the Indians called him "Chew-ff."

~~wherexexzherxwerrk~~..

He didn't ~~have any luck with the~~ find any gold in California.. But later on,, when they struck more gold in the Cariboo Creek country ~~xxxxxxxxx~~up in British Columbia,, Davis was there.. He ~~didn't have any luck staking~~ wasn't able to stake a claim himself,, but he thought he noticed that two of the best claims covered ~~x~~ more ~~ground~~ territory than they were legally supposed to cover.. One dark night,, therefore,, he carefully stepped off the areas of the two best claims and discovered that,, sure enough,, they covered twelve feet too much ground. He staked a claim on this twelve foot strip for himself. You see, Yankees ~~are supposed to be sharp~~ Vermont have the reputation of being shrewd and this proved that Davis was just as ~~sharp~~ clever as any of them. The owners of the claims were very angry but it didn't do them any good, ~~and~~ Davis ~~took out~~ mined twenty thousand dollars worth of gold ~~from~~ on his tiny twelve foot strip.

Now in those days twenty thousand dollars was a large fortune.. Davis could probably have settled down and never had to do any more work as long as he lived. But he wasn't ~~that kind of man~~ interested in a life of idleness.. Besides,, he had a name now-a giant's name,, and he had to live up to it..

He gave most of the twenty thousand dollars away and drifted along to the Peace River Country.. He became a trader there and along with becoming the friendliest man in the country he reestablished his reputation for making punkin pie.. A traveller in the Peace Country would walk miles for a piece of Twelve-Foot's speciality..

Insert

~~Twelve-Foot was a brave man, too.. He wasn't afraid to try anything or take the most hazardous passages when on the trail.~~ Physically, Twelve-Foot feared nothing.. But there was a terror that haunted him.. It was the terror of dying in

poverty.

Yet how could he expect anything else when he gave away everything he had? You see, like other heroes, Davis had a single trait that made him great. His trait was generousity. And like other heroes his outstanding trait brought about his downfall, for when he came to die he had nothing. In his last days he was cared for by missionaries.

A lady missionary asked him whether he was afraid to die and Twelve-Foot replied, "Why should I be afraid to die? I never kilt nobody, never stole from nobody, never wilfully harmed nobody and I kept open house for travellers all of my life. No, Ma'am I ain't afraid to die!" ~~Why should I be afraid to die?~~

Twelve-Foot seldom asked favors of anyone, but before he died he did ask one favor of his friend, Jim Cornwall. He told Jim Cornwall that he had always wanted to be buried on ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Grouard Hill that stands above the Peace River at Peace River town. He wanted to think of himself as resting forever on the great hill looking south toward the junction of the mighty Peace and the Smoky.

~~When the time came, then,~~ Twelve-Foot died in 1900 and sometime afterward Jim Cornwall kept his promise to Twelve-Foot Davis. Jim had a special stone made for his friend in the shape of a tree trunk. On the stone he had an inscription carved. The inscription said He Was Everyman's Friend and Never Locked his Cabin Door. ~~Davis died in 1900.~~

The stone still stands on Grouard Hill. It's a lonely place but as you stand looking at the stone above Twelve-Foot's grave the loneliness seems to go away. The wind seems to be trying to tell you the tale of the man who will lie forever above the Peace River. The man who was just a little fellow with a giant's heart.

THE LITTLE FELLOW WITH THE GIANT'S HEART

12 foot Davis. by R. Gard,

Did you know that there was once a giant in Alberta? I don't mean a fabulous big giant like Goliath of Gath or Paul Bunyan or even the famous Willow Bunch Giant who was eight and a half feet tall and lived in Saskatchewan. No, I mean another kind of giant -- a giant of generosity and kindness , a quiet little fellow who liked everybody and got along fine with everybody. I mean that the giant part of him was his heart.

Of course, a lot of people who don't know, think that he was a real honest-to-goodness big giant because of his name. Wouldn't you think so too if you heard his name for the first time? His name was Twelve Foot Davis.

You're probably wondering right now how a little fellow ever got a name like that. It's an interesting story. You see, Davis wasn't always called Twelve Foot. He was born in the state of Vermont in the year 1820 and as he grew up he attained a great reputation in New England. He got a reputation of being the best punkin pie maker in the whole country! Some reputation, since New Englanders are famous for making and eating punkin pie.

But Davis wasn't content with just being a pie maker. He wanted to travel and see things, so in 1849 he joined the big gold rush to California. Maybe he thought he'd get

rich and have a lot of money to give away -- for already he was making another and different kind of reputation for himself. He was becoming known as a generous and kindly man.

He didn't find any gold in California. But later on, when they struck more gold in the Cariboo Creek country in British Columbia, Davis was there. He wasn't able to stake a claim himself, but he thought he noticed that two of the best claims covered more territory than they were legally supposed to cover. One dark night, therefore, he carefully stepped off the areas of the two best claims and discovered that, sure enough, they covered twelve feet too much ground. He staked a claim on this twelve-foot strip for himself. You see, Vermont Yankees have the reputation of being shrewd and this proved that Davis was just as clever as any of them. The owners of the claims were very angry, but it didn't do them any good. Davis mined twenty thousand dollars worth of gold on his tiny twelve-foot strip.

Now in those days twenty thousand dollars was a large fortune. Davis could probably have settled down and never had to do any more work as long as he lived. But he wasn't interested in a life of idleness. Besdies, he had a name now, a giant's name, and he had to live up to it.

He gave most of the twenty thousand dollars away and drifted along to the Peace River Country. He became a trader there, and along with becoming the friendliest man in the country, he reestablished his reputation for making punkin pie. A traveler in the Peace Country would walk miles for a piece of Twelve Foot Davis' speciality.

It makes Twelve Foot all the more wonderful a character when we know that he had the handicap of being able to neither read nor write. To make up for this handicap he developed a marvelous memory. He was able to keep all his accounts in his head, and so far as is known, he never made an error. They didn't have real money in those days either. The beaver skin was the only money anybody used.

Among the Indians of the North, Twelve Foot was known far and wide for his honesty, and though he was not a large man, his courage and tirelessness on the trail was so notable that the Indians called him "The Wolf".

Physically, Twelve Foot feared nothing. But there was a terror that haunted him. It was the terror of dying in poverty.

Yet how could he expect anything else when he gave away everything he had? You see, like other heroes, Davis had a single trait that made him great. His trait was generosity. And like other heroes his outstanding trait brought about his downfall, for when he came to die

he had nothing. In his last days he was cared for by missionaries.

A lady missionary asked him whether he was afraid to die, and Twelve Foot replied, "Why should I be afraid to die? I never kilt nobody, never stole from nobody, never wilfully harmed nobody, and I kept open house for travelers all my life. No, Ma'am, I ain't afraid to die!"

Twelve Foot seldom asked favors of anyone, but before he died, he did ask one favor of his friend Jim Cornwall. He told Jim Cornwall that he had always wanted to be buried on Grouard Hill that stands above the Peace River at Peace River town. He wanted to think of himself as resting forever on the great hill looking south toward the junction of the mighty Peace and the Smoky.

Twelve Foot died in 1900 and sometime afterward, Jim Cornwall kept his promise to Twelve Foot Davis. Jim had a special stone made for his friend in the shape of a tree trunk. On the stone he had an inscription carved. The inscription said: He was Everyman'sFriend and Never Locked his Cabin Door.

The stone still stands on Grouard Hill. It's a lonely place, but as you stand looking at the stone above Twelve Foot's grave, the loneliness seems to go away. The wind seems to be trying to tell you the tale of the man who will lie forever above the Peace River. The man who was just a little fellow with a giant's heart.